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Latet as I watch'd the taper's dying light,
Musing on all the various turns of life;
On childhood's happy age, the school-boy's
cares,

The lover's pensive eye, and pallid cheek,
The soldier braving death for empty fame,
The busy statesman's ever-anxious mind,
And wrinkl'd age, with all its string of
woes,

Just bending to the earth from which it
sprung;

All seem'd to have their griefs, though
childhood least.

Oppressed I sat, the picture was too dark,
Scarce could I look on what myself had
drawn.

Sudden, methought I heard a gentle sound,
That slowly broke on midnight's solemn
ear.

It was thy voice, divine Philosophy,
That chid my gloomy thoughts, and whis-
per'd peace,

And show'd me whence the cares of life
proceed.

And thus with tongue, sweet as Apollo's
lute,

Thou pour'dst thine accents thro' the
gloom of night:

"Not to one state is happiness confin'd;
"Whilst yet a child thou hadst thy little
griefs,

"Tho' now so mellow'd by the touch of
time,

"All joys they seem. Thy boyhood had
its cares,

"And pleasures too, I ween;—Hast thou
forgot,

"How, when with anxious eye thy task
was conn'd,

"Thou and thy rivals marshall'd side by
side;—

"Thou hadst outstripp'd them all, and
gain'd the prize;

"And what was dearer still, the master's
smile.

"And when, neglecting wealth, neglecting
fame,

"Thy lyre was strung to sing Melissa's
charms,

"Hadst thou no rapturous joys?—Nay,
rather say,

"Thy griefs were joys, so tender was thy
pain.

"And now these follies, all dismiss'd, for-
got,

"An humble suppliant, kneeling at my
shrine,

"Filling thy urn with water at my fount,

"Hast thou no bliss? Whence then those
eager hopes

"That swell thy breast, and sparkle in
thine eye?

"And canst thou wish that thou hadst
never known,

"Hadst never eaten of the tree of know-
ledge?

"Whence then arose the raptures I have
marked,

"When thou hadst tasted of its sacred
fruit?

"Go, idle reasoner! know that all who
breathe,

"May, if they will, be happy. Over all
"The Almighty Father's constant care ex-
tends.

"Mortals have happiness within their
reach;

"But, slaves to passion, cannot, will not
grasp it.

"Their passions rage. Whatsoe'er their
state;

"Whether the light of youth sit on their
brow,

"Or age have touch'd them with his chilly
hand;

"Whether they own their heaps of count-
less gold,

"Or poor and needy, dig the earth for
bread;

"Whether the croud'd city's dusty streets,
"Or fragrant fields, and verdant vales
they range,

"Their passions unrestrained, spoil all
their joys,

"Lie in the bud, and nip the unform'd
fruit.

"A bosom free from envy, hatred, pride,
"The golden madness, and the lust of
power,

"With health, and just an easy compe-
tence,

"May taste of bliss in every state of life."

Such were the precepts of Philosophy!

DION.

TO CYNTHIO.

SWEET is the morning's opening eye;
Sweet are the opening scenes of life!
But clouds may mar the smiling sky
And childhood's joys be dashed with
strife.

Yet when beneath the burning noon,
The weary labourer droops his head;
With retrospective sighs, how soon
Mourns he the dewy morning fled

And when thro' life's perplexed wild,
The fainting pilgrim sadly moves ;
Back to the scenes which charm'd the
child,
His active memory fondly roves.

'Twas when the youth resign'd the boy,
And childhood's frolic days were o'er,
Tired with the modish world's dull joy,
That Cynthia sighed for Ballitore :

For here, amid her bowers so green,
Fair Science form'd the studious youth ;
Sweet Innocence endear'd the scene,
And nurs'd the noble seeds of Truth.

Back to the conscious shades he hies ;
The shades receive their welcome guest ;
Reviv'd ideas fondly rise,
And peaceful transports sooth his breast,

And when in other spheres he moves,
(For active life demands his care,)
The blameless pleasures which he proves,
Shall sometimes be remember'd there.

TO T. AND H. B —.

BELOV'D, esteem'd, 'ye virtuous pair,
Who come, our social joys to share ;
And the mild ev'ning of your day,
'Midst our calm shades to wear away !
O, let your meek example lead
Our foot-steps to the path you tread !
That path by Truth and Patience blest ;
That path that guides to holy rest !

M.L.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS, MANU- FACTURES. AND AGRICULTURE.

*On the Cultivation of Horseradish ; by
Mr. Joseph Knight, F.H.S. (From
the transactions of the Horticultural
Society of London.)*

THE cultivation of this wholesome
and useful vegetable hitherto
appears to have been much neglect-
ed. Being a plant that thrives in
almost all soils and situations to
greater or less perfection, it has not
demanded the particular attention of
gardeners, nor have I the most fa-
vourable opportunity of cultivating
it, although I now venture to lay
the following account before the
Horticultural Society.

Horseradish thrives best in deep,
soft, sandy loam, that is not very
dry in summer, nor inundated in
winter : the situation must be open.

Trench the ground three feet deep,
and if fresh grass-land, it should lie
twelve months to pulverise, and will
be improved by growing a crop of
potatoes the first summer. In the
following February procure your

sets, in the choice of which take the
strongest crowns or leading buds
from old plants, cutting them about
two inches long : when a sufficient
quantity is thus prepared, proceed
to mark out the ground in four-feet
beds, and one foot alleys, by strong
durable oak-stakes, then take from
the first bed nine inches of the top
soil, laying it upon the adjoining
bed ; after which take out an open-
ing at one end of the bed, in the
common way of trenching, fifteen
inches deep from the present
surface ; then level the bottom,
upon which plant a row of sets a-
cross the bed, at nine inches apart
each way, with their crowns up-
right ; afterwards dig the next
trench the same width and depth,
turning the earth into the first
trench over the row of sets : thus
proceeding, trench after trench, to
the end.

Where more than the produce of
one bed is required for the supply of